

Good 606 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

W. H. MILLIER AND HIS PALS AT THE SIGN OF THE JOLLY ROGER

Grimm was Ring's Toughest Nut Ever

THE conversation at The Jolly Roger had been on the subject of the "Tough Nuts" of the ring. It was generally agreed that it is a good thing we do not now see so many of those pitiable sights, the poor, punch-drunk boxer.

"I don't care how tough they may be when they start out," said Nat, "they always go the same way at the finish, if they continue to stick out their chins and take all that is coming without making any attempt to defend themselves. You know the sort of bloke I mean: the gink who has never troubled to learn even the rudiments of boxing."

"He laughs at the idea of defence and thinks there is no need to learn because he is so tough and can take all the other fellow can give him."

"He gets a name for being tough and glories in it by playing to the gallery, thinking to break the other fellow's heart by showing him that he cannot be knocked out. Well, he usually finishes up in a lunatic asylum."

"A few years ago there were

many of these human wrecks knocking about, and although I used to feel sorry for them I used to point them out to any youngster I happened to have as a pupil, as the awful example I would say to them, 'That's what becomes of the fellow who thinks there is no need to learn the art of defence.'

"It usually had the effect of making the youngster realise that it behoved him to learn how to protect his chin, and it was not as a rule altogether wasted."

"I think you will find," said the Guv'nor, "that most of those so-called tough guys, who used to become famous for attacking with their chins, were slightly crackers to begin with, and then, of course, they were completely barmy at the finish."

"That goes without saying," agreed Nat. "The brainy boxer is the fellow who soon learns that attack is the best form of defence and that you protect yourself when you are keeping the other bloke too busy to be able to set himself for damaging punches."

"Who was the fighter who used to boast that not even the world's champion could knock him out?" asked Bernard.

"I expect you refer to Joe Grimm," said Nat. "He must have been about the toughest chunk of humanity the ring has known. He might never have been heard of outside his own district if he had not been so abnormally tough, because as a boxer he was just a joke."

HIS NAME WAS GRIMM.

"At all events, he was an Italian from Philadelphia, and although any London urchin could have given him lessons in boxing, he was one of the greatest fellows ever seen in the ring."

"Joe had been a bootblack before he took to the ring and he gained his start by acting as substitute for a boxer who had failed to turn up for his contest, a very minor bout at a hall in Philadelphia."

"Grimm pleased the crowd, not with his boxing, but because they had never before seen anyone take such punches with a laugh. Here was something new, a fighter with a rhino hide and a jaw that jarred the gloved fist of his opponent. Philadelphia, like the rest of America, worshipped anything new."

"The promoter was quick to realise that Grimm had something the other mugs didn't possess, and he signed him for other contests, and increased the strength of the opposition, but it didn't matter how famous they were for their punching power, they couldn't knock out Joe Grimm."

"At first they used to match him with light-weights, then they tried welter-weights, middle-weights, and eventually heavy-weights."

"They all looked alike to this game Italian, who was certainly a rarity in this respect. He must have come



Rex has his Day, Sto. Thomas Davis

EVERY dog has his day, but Ward to your home-coming. Rex has one every week. Another greeting comes from Sunday is the big day for the Harry Meadows and the folk at four-years-old pet of Stoker the "Live and Let Live" Thomas Davis.

They are wondering if you will be their darts champ again or if the hand has lost its cunning. Remember the Wakes Week championship before you joined up?

Pa says "There'll be a celebration for us all at the 'L. & L.' when Thomas has his sixth birthday." A Navy veteran after only five birthdays. Not bad going. And, February 29, 1948, is a long way ahead.

Father is still going strong at the Mather Lane Spinning Co. Brother John was at home for some leave just before Christmas. Pity we missed Leigh, Lancs. They look for-

ward, Thomas. "Thomas is upstairs" or "Thomas is coming" will keep Rex in a fever of excitement and anticipation.

Father and mother send fond wishes from 38, West Avenue. Leigh, Lancs. They look for-

Picture of Ease for Stoker Eric Oatley



Mrs. Oatley has a bright fire, a soft cushion, and a cat to cuddle, but—"I wish Eric was here," she says.

WAIR worker Mrs. Muriel Oatley was reclining at her ease after the day's labour at her home at 3 Kirby Terrace, North Road, Plymouth. There was also her ex-sergeant-major father home from work, his shoes off to ease his feet, reading the evening paper. Sister Barbara and mother taking it easy in the bright warm room completed the domestic scene.

Your portrait, Stoker Eric Oatley, was prominent on the sideboard, but they missed you in the flesh, and they all said so. "He's my boy, all right," said your jovial mother-in-law. Your wife spoke up and filed a prior claim to you. Then it was your sister-in-law's turn. "He'll have a fit when

he knows he's going to be an uncle twice at one stroke," said this expectant mother of twins!

Your wife is busy knitting and embroidering little garments for her sister's coming babies. "It's not much like tent-making, which is my war job, and although the family taunts me and says the baby garments will probably come up to Army specification and size, I've really made some pretty things," said Mrs. Oatley.

In the family circle around the fire, it was "Oscar," the cat you christened with that name, Stoker Oatley, who "stole" the picture. Your wife was petting him.

"I wish Eric were here," she said.



Memory of Snow-Up for Sto. Leonard Poole

WHEN we called at 13 Suffolk Road, Gorleston-on-Sea, Sto. Leonard E. Poole, to see your mother, there came a had to report back pretty soon. Jimmie Stubbs was more fortunate and was home for Christmas. He says he misses you a lot. There is another who misses you, and that is your grandmother. She is well and as lively as ever, so your Dad says. Sorry to miss her, but she had gone to see a friend.

We must not forget young brother Geoffrey, the head gardener of the family—the man who grows the greens and potatoes. We found him in the garden trying to deal with the snow which hid his vegetables.

For a six-year-old he is pretty good at his self-imposed gardening. He sends this message to you—"Tell Len, I often look at his photograph, but I want to see him home."

Well—there's the family, and it was a real pleasure to meet them.

Oh, yes! What a splendid tea-maker your mother is—it was just what we wanted.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Paid Fortune For Sleep, It Was His Last

MR. MA FONG, a rich Chinese merchant of Canton, could not sleep. For two years he had not closed his eyes in slumber. He had been treated by doctors, by Chinese magicians who had promised to send him to the land of dreams. They had all failed.

QUIZ for today

1. A tuxedo is a Mexican lasso, American dinner jacket, Canadian log hut, Brazilian hat?
2. What famous English artist made himself a suit of armour, and dined in it?
3. Of what wood is the Coronation Chair made?
4. What title does an Earl's wife bear?
5. What does an artist call the stick he uses to rest his hand on while painting?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—H.M.O.W., M.A.P., H.M.O.S., B.C.C., G.P.O.

Answers to Quiz in No. 605

1. All together.
2. (a) is a chopper with a spike, (b) is a heavy, broad-bladed knife.
3. A cooper; he makes barrels.
4. Decorated by scoring patterns in the cement before it sets.
5. Wood-carver.
6. O.B.E. is a decoration; others are degrees.

In desperation, Mr. Ma Fong let it be known that he would give the equivalent of £5,000 in Chinese money to the man who could get him sleep. This was before the Chinese war.

Telegrams came from all over China, telling him how

to sleep and asking for the Japan. One of the latter gave money. Mr. Ma Fong tried Mr. Ma Fong a jab in the arm all the ideas and still didn't of morphine—but Mr. Ma Fong smiled in sleeplessness, unhappy and unrested.

Wise men from Pekin and elsewhere visited him and experimented, hypnotists came from Burma, doctors from



"... Mervyn raced on through the night—would he be in time to save Lady Angela from a fate worse than death?"

The news of the fortune spread to India, and even to Europe. So many prescriptions came, in the form of books, pamphlets, letters and advice, that Mr. Ma Fong almost read himself to sleep; but never quite. When he stopped reading he began to be active again.

He kept six doctors beside him, all racking their brains trying how to make him sleep. From somebody in Calcutta came the information that to get sleep you should lie with your head towards the North Pole and your feet towards the South Pole.

From Berlin came the advice that Mr. Ma Fong should lie down pointing East and West.

From England came the advice to lie down on a soft feather bed. Bed-makers in China had a great time advertising their wares. Not even the feather bed was successful.

Then an Indian doctor from Madras, who had studied in London, suggested that electric treatment was the thing. Electric apparatus was taken to Canton and tried out on Mr. Ma Fong. It wasn't any better than non-electric treatment.

It had to be tried in secret, for the rich man's relatives didn't believe in electricity for anything, and they said it was "from the devil."

Mr. Ma Fong had a terrible time arguing with his relatives, and especially with his wife.

She could speak like a machine—had slept, and his wife said

"England In Her Face"

HOW a Welsh girl, formerly to the Anzacs as "Ginger," a noted swimmer, cheated "Rose Marie," and "Joy." In peace-time she was secretly condemned to death, is tary to the President of an told in newspaper extracts re-Athens Power Company, and joined the Greek underground movement after the German occupation.

She took on the job of helping Allied Servicemen to escape. She hid many of our men. She was arrested several times, brutally flogged, and eventually sentenced to death.

"The first time I was arrested," she wrote, "a German officer spat in my face and shouted, 'Just look at you. You can see the map of England on your face.' I was imprisoned so often that the Gestapo got to know me very well and always called me the British —."

While waiting in a cell to go before the firing squad she bribed a Bavarian guard with a gold ring. He permitted her to escape from the car in which she was being taken to the Gestapo H.Q., after which she fugitive Australians. Tall, slim remained in hiding until the arrival of British troops.

gun, and she abhorred the idea that it was she who had talked of so many doctors all around him to sleep. But this was never proved.

She said this sleeplessness was a visitation from Heaven because of the way Mr. Ma Fong had made his money. He had made it in opium, and he had offered any reward. He argued that even if he had, then he was not responsible, for he had been "ill through sleeplessness" and was not responsible for his words.

The court held that, anyhow, Mr. Ma Fong had slept, and they asked the doctor to prove his pills brought sleep by administering one or two right away.

The doctor did so; and Mr. Ma Fong fell sound asleep in court. Indeed, he never wakened up. He was on his last sleep

Albert Rhodes

I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN

SUMMerville is a winter resort in South Carolina. At its paint-thirsty town hall recently, under a blazing sun that sent the temperature to 110 deg., two of its residents, a Finnish-born, 40-year-old doctor named Arne Suominen and an eleven-year-old racehorse named Duke—began a 40-mile race.

The course was to Charleston (27 miles), then thirteen miles around the Citadel's foot-racing track.

Along the steaming highway man and beast jogged, followed by a caravan of 100 cars. Duke, ridden by a 7st. 12lb. jockey the first fourteen miles, a lighter boy the next fourteen, and finally a little girl, was trotted for eight minutes, walked for four, and rubbed down every ten miles, at the request of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.



THE doctor, who fasted for eight days prior to the race, to "get the poison out of his system," had no S.P.C.A. to protect him. He just loped along, stopping now and then for orange juice or an oily rub-down.

First the horse took the lead, recounts a sports writer in "Time," then the doctor. Approaching Charleston, the doctor was three miles behind the horse.

Round and round the cindered track they gladdened, before a bunch of paying spectators, the doctor coming within a fifth of a mile of closing the gap.

Doctor Suominen once ran 100 miles from Chicago to Milwaukee (stopping only for orange juice), once ran 1,000 miles in one of C. C. Pyle's famed "Bunion Derbies."

But in the latest event, after six hours the hot pavement had so blistered his feet that he had to quit with only six more miles to go. Duke, still going strong, won by default.



HE: "What was the name of the hotel we stopped at in Doncaster?" She: "Wait; I'll look through my towels."

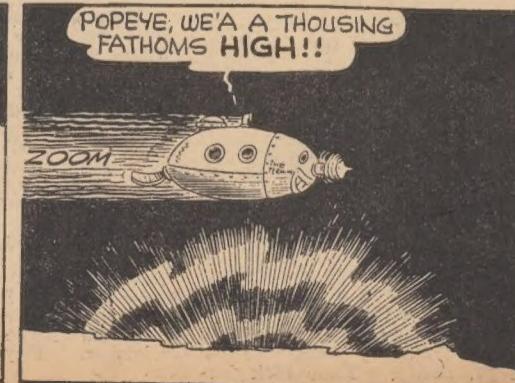
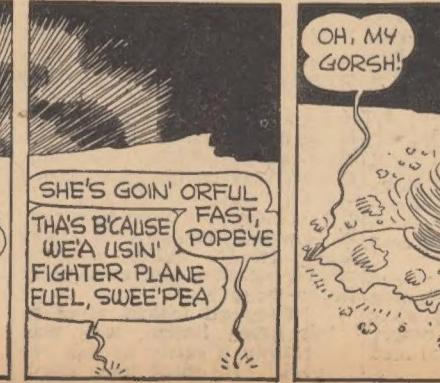
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS

AT THE SIGN OF THE JOLLY ROGER

(Continued from
Page 1)

1. Behead to mumble and make it absolute.

2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it?—Hetill tillet race hawlet.

3. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The animals' fur got burnt, so they rescued a

4. What well-known London suburb has IS for the exact middle of its name?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 544

1. Y-earn.
2. Least said, soonest mended.
3. Stage gates.
4. CalGary.

JANE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



chances are that he would have been turned down after his first preliminary bout, and that, I should say, would have been a good thing for Grimm, though the ring would have been the poorer without this interesting character.

"He had only been boxing a few months when the promoter offered him a fight with a heavy-weight whose name had been world famous for many years.

"It was Peter Maher, who was always referred to as the Irish champion in the States, where he had been for the past twenty years, meeting most of the famous heavy-weights of his day.

"At the period I am speaking about Maher was old enough to be Grimm's father, but he was still meeting good men and knocking them out and was anything but a push-over. In the ordinary way, that is to say, if Grimm had been an ordinary scrapper, it would have come under the heading of cruelty to young boxers to have

"Just as Joe was starting a punch from the back of his trunks, Peter jumped in and received in it the prohibited region. It was quite accidental, but Grimm was disqualified. He lost on a foul, but he was not knocked out.

"Then Joe Walcott, the Barbadoes black, who was considered the greatest welter-weight champion the ring has seen, tried his hand. He made Grimm look like a piece of gorgonzola cheese, but he

matched such an inexperienced youngster with a man of Walcott's standing, as, in addition, he remarked: 'Dat guy stone heavier.'

"It was when they announced the fight lasted only three rounds, but in that time Maher hit the Dago with everything he had and the best of his punches just bounced off. It would be sure to bite the resin Grimm's rhino hide. Joe took for the first time. After all, Fitzsimmons was undoubtedly the ring's hardest puncher, and who could forget his celebrated solar-plexus punch, the same punch that knocked out Jim Corbett? Nobody could expect Grimm to stand up to that!

HIS LIGHT WENT DIM.

"Joe didn't worry. He went into training and asked one of his pals to fetch a pickaxe shaft, the heaviest he could get. When the heavy piece of ash arrived he directed one of his sparring partners to belt him as hard as he could and to aim at the solar plexus.

"The partner did his stuff to such good effect that Grimm was toppled over, but

he jumped to his feet at once and said, 'I'm ready for Fitz.'

"The betting people offered extraordinary odds that Fitzsimmons would score a knock-out, but, in spite of Grimm's reputation, there were no takers. It looked like sheer slaughter when Bob started to work.

"He could hit Grimm just where he liked without the slightest trouble, and he did. He knocked him down seventeen times in the six rounds, but India-rubber Joe scrambled to his feet each time and lasted out the distance.

"After that Joe Gans had a crack at sending Grimm to the fairyland of dreams, but he could not succeed were Bob Fitzsimmons failed.

"Many more tried to put him down for ten seconds and had to give it up as a bad job. Even Jack Johnson failed to hand him the sleeping draught.

"Johnson gave him a terrible beating and tied with Ruby Robert in sending Grimm to the boards seventeen times inside six rounds.

"Eventually, when the cumulative effect of all those terrible hammerings became apparent, Grimm, the human punching bag, ran into his first and only knock-out at the hands of Sailor Burke, who put him down for the full count with a mighty wallop in the third round.

That was the end of Joe Grimm as a fighter.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1. Noisy quarrel. 6. Lively. 9. Lubricant. 10. Beard.

11. Really. 13. Floating structure.

15. Bee-hive. 16. Drink.

18. Word of inquiry.

19. Bone. 21. Cognizant.

23. Journey. 25. Drag along.

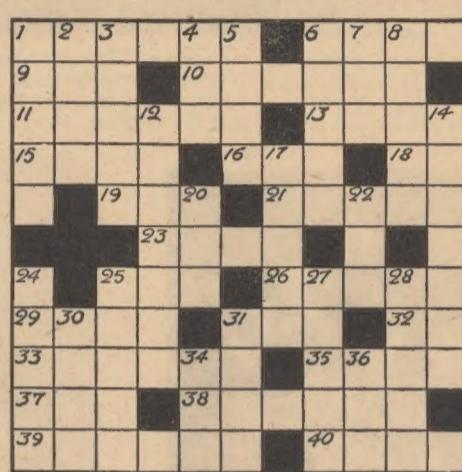
26. Transparent. 29. Paper quantity.

31. That. 32. Remain.

33. Seem. 35. Out of

37. Bind. 38. Came down hard.

39. Shelter. 40. Hurried.



CLUES DOWN.

1. Palm off. 2. Skating surface. 3. Tree. 4. Grow old. 5. Common mineral. 6. Scatter. 7. Climber. 8. Abide. 12. Abstract. 14. Proposition. 17. Tree. 20. Front of ship. 22. Ever. 24. Children. 25. Light-giver. 27. Top rooms. 28. Dwelling-place. 30. Poem. 31. Bird. 34. Mimic. 36. Corded fabric.

AFFECT COIL
CALL ORANGE
TRAMP EVENT
IMP AWAY O
O SOLID EBB
NB VERSICLE
OBSESE THEN
PLAN WE O
FEL COLLIDE
ARMOURS NOR
TOY EMERGES

BRAZIL

A FILM worth seeing is "Brazil." This outstanding attraction has a delightful score of Latin-American melodies by the Brazilian composer, Ary Barroso. These include, beside the title hit, "Rio de Janeiro"—which is said to have all the ingredients of a world hit—"Vaqueiro Song," "To-night You're Mine," "Moonlight Fiesta," "Cafe," "Choro," "Upa Upa," "Blim, Blom, Blao," "Ke Ke Ke Re," "Brazil Moreno," "Quando Eu Penso Na Bahia," "A Batucada Comecou," and "O Passo Do Kanguro."

The world-famous Latin tenor, Tito Guizar, who plays lead, is now under contract to Republic, and this is his first starring role. Virginia Bruce plays the part of a famous novelist exploring Brazil in search of copy. Tito, a famous composer in the story, pretends to be his own twin brother, a tourist guide, in order to escort Virginia. She complicates matters by disliking the guide intensely and falling in love with the composer. As they are both the same person, although she does not know it, things are difficult for a while, but eventually the romantic complications are happily straightened out.

The story is told with great comedy appeal. Edward Everett Horton is extremely funny as Tito's friend, urging him away from romance and temptation! Veloz and Yolanda, the famous dancers, have a beautiful samba sequence to the title hit-tune "Brazil," and there are many elaborate production numbers.

Beautifully photographed, with some lovely shots of South American scenery, "Brazil" is top-flight entertainment, constantly amusing and cleverly keyed to popular taste.

"Brazil" was directed by Joseph Santley, under associate producer Robert North.

Dick Gordon

Alex Crack

It was one of the first warm days of spring. A brown leaf on the ground moved slightly and then was pushed aside as an inch of worm thrust itself out. It remained thus, drinking in the beauties of awakening nature.

After a time, chancing to look about, it observed another worm, also bent on reconnoitring. Gazing at it raptly, the first worm exclaimed:

"Ah, what soul-warming sunshine! How intoxicating is the soft spring air. I feel the elixir of life pulsing in my being—kind lady, beautiful woman, will you be my mate?"

The other worm replied languidly, "Oh, quiet, you old fool—I'm your other end."

Good Morning



"City of dreaming spires, home of lost causes"—there used to be a dignity and a sense of timelessness that enwrapped Oxford, as though in a cloak. To-day Oxford is a city where the Old and the New meet—the mellow colleges of the university, and the roaring workshops of the motor magnates.



What are these kiddies laughing at? Mac, who took the pictures at the Stoke Newington Library, reveals the answer below.



One of the biggest draws (Note to Printer: Better spell that word right!) is this concert party calling itself "Little Mums." Part-time workers, they put on shows for their kiddies in the hall of the Public Library. Costumes are no problem to these artistes—they just take off their skirts!

ANOTHER FACE THAT BRINGS OUT THE CROONER IN US.

Stand by for the first blast, Marla Shelton. "Don't you know we care? Or don't you care to know?" Second blast coming up: "Or will you break our heart, or give our heart a break?"



THROUGH EUROPE WITH TRIPOD AND CAMERA.—Our sportsman shot this Moravian peasant in her national setting. He points out that she was at least, no sitting bird.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF



"They're going to crown him 'Sweet-heart of the Forces'—or, anyway they're going to crown him!"